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SONGS IN ALL SEASONS

BY

JAMES B. KENYON



BOSTON

CUPPLES, UPHAM AND COMPANY

1885

PC 2167

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Inscription.

THOU whose fond eyes in sleep were never sealed,
When love's stern ways were spread before thy feet —
Thou who didst hope and pray, and watch and shield,
When death's dusk wings against my windows beat —
Take, O my mother, these poor broken sounds
Of singing; and while in their dizzy rounds
Of careless pleasure, men may heed not me
Nor my small pipe, yet praise shall come from thee.



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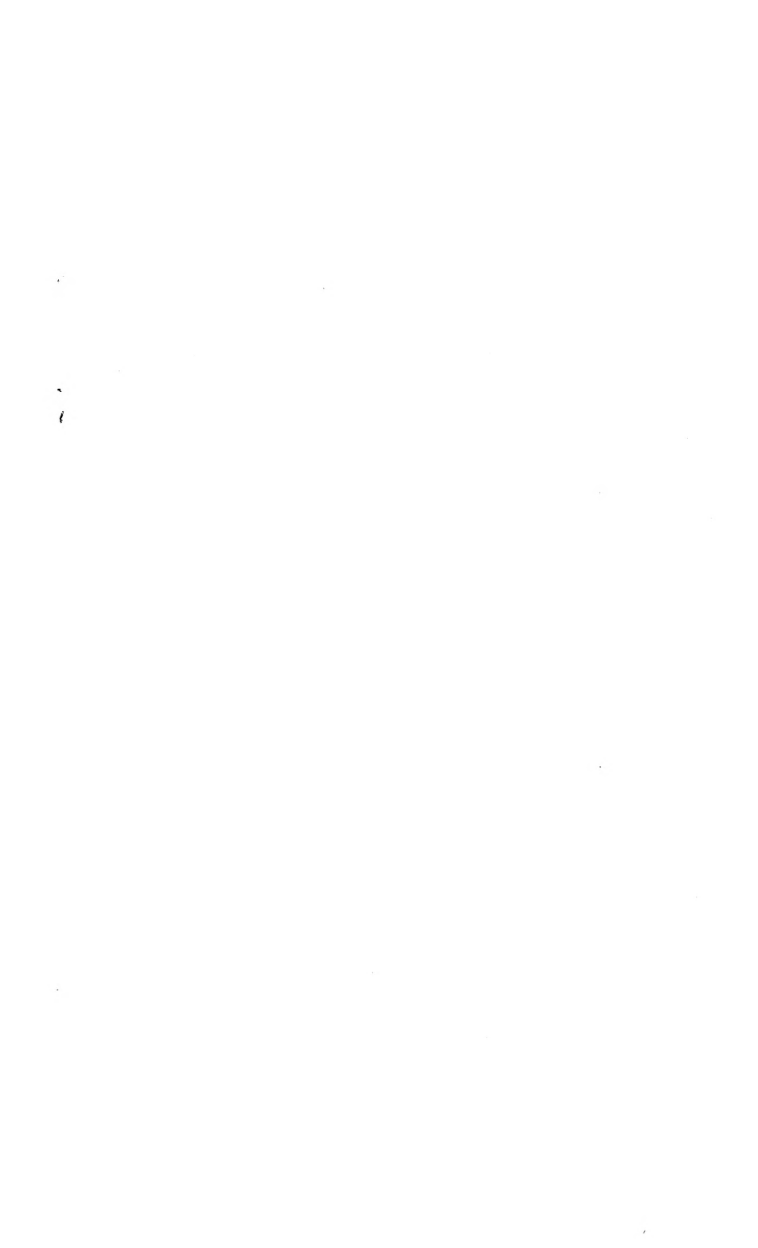
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



SONGS IN ALL SEASONS.

A MAID OF SICILY.

SHE heard the waves creep up the sand ;
Her hair, by roving sea-winds blown,
And careless of the prisoning band,
Down fluttered to the azure zone
Girt lightly round her perfect form,
And clasped beneath her bosom warm
Which like twin lilies shone.

The dew gleamed on her sandalled feet ;
Her clinging robe around her trailed ;
Her eyes with morning light were sweet ;
And on her brow, that flushed and paled,
As love and fear passed o'er her face,
Was throned a rare and virgin grace,
Such as earth's dawn first hailed.

Her face was seaward turned ; her eyes
Looked southward, where the amber light
Was mixed with purple in the skies,
And one fair hand, to shade her sight,
Against her chaste young brow was raised ;
And so she stood, and seaward gazed
Across the waters wide and bright.

She saw the level sunrays burn
Along the midsea's heaving breast ;
She saw the circling heavens spurn
The utmost billow's tossing crest
Where, on the blue horizon's rim,
A galley's sails rose, white and dim,
And all her blood leaped with unrest.

She knows that sail ; love's eyes are keen ;
She knows yon dancing bark is his ;
From distant coasts where he has been,
From Cyprus, Tyre, and Tripolis,
Her lover brings the alien freight
She prizes not ; to those who wait
More precious is love's first warm kiss.

He homeward brings the costly dyes
The Roman's love, and nard, and myrrh,
And unguents which the Emperor buys,
And silks, and spice, and fruits which were
Sun-steeped on far Phœnician hills ;
But not of these she recks ; love fills
Alone the happy heart of her.

So let her watch, while clearer rise
The sails which she has waited long ;
The sun climbs higher up the skies ;
The sea-wind greets her, salt and strong ;
Her robe from one white shoulder slips ;
Her breast is bare ; and from her lips
Half tremble little waifs of song.

IN ARCADIA.

UP from yon myrtle valley incense curls,
Blue in the balmy morning ; barefoot girls,
With silvery laughter bubbling, like clear rills,
Forth from their dewy lips, trip up the hills,
Brushing the twinkling jewels from the grass,
That scarcely bends beneath them as they pass.
Bright robes, that half reveal their budding
 charms,
Flow lightly round them ; and their dimpled
 arms,
That bear in woven baskets fruits and flowers,
Glow in the sunlight. Yonder are the bowers
Of Ceres, to whose shrine these offerings
Of field and grove each happy maiden brings.
And hither also in the smiling morn
Come goodly youths with braided ears of corn,

And stems of purple grapes and pomegranates,
And shining berries, olives, figs, and dates.
Now let the dance begin upon the green,
And while the sound of music drifts between
The pleachèd branches of the leafy wood,
Waking sweet echoes in the solitude,
Let twining hands, light feet, and songs and
 mirth
Be joined, in Ceres' praise, to gifts of earth.
And hark ! from height to height the shepherds
 call ;
Adown the hill the laughing waterfall
Leaps to the plain ; the bees begin to hum,
And in the glen the partridge beats his drum.
In shady dells, where well the crystal springs,
The naiad laves her limbs and softly sings,
While overhead, from out the oak's thick screen,
The amorous dryad leans to view the scene,
Nor dares to stir a leaf from place, for fear
She sink into the wave and disappear.
Still round the shrine of Ceres, maze on maze,
The dancers featly foot, and chant her praise ;

The incense upward floats amid the trees
That o'er them stretch their emerald canopies ;
Still from the heights the shepherds blithely call
Their bleating flocks ; the jocund waterfall,
Flashing the golden sunlight back again,
Still gambols down to seek the amber plain,
And spread abroad its waters clear and cool,
That mimic heaven in an azure pool,
Nigh whose fringed marge a drowsy dragon-fly
Upon a lily-leaf sways dreamily,
And Pan, 'mid rushes and rank water-weeds,
To shape some sweeter pipe, still plucks the
 reeds.

THE KING IS DYING.

FOOL, stand back, the king is dying,
 Give him what little air remains;
 See you not how his pulse is flying?
 Hear you not how he gasps and strains
 To catch one other stertorous breath?
 God! how he labors! yes, this is death!

Blow up the fire — his feet are cold;
 Ay, though a king, he cannot buy
 One briefest moment with all his gold;
 His hour has come, and he must die:
 Withered and wrinkled, and old and gray,
 The king fares out on the common way.

Light the tapers; he's almost gone;
 Stir, you fool, 't is past the hour
 To cower and cringe, and flatter and fawn —
 The thing lying there is shorn of power;

Henceforth the lips of the king are dumb :
Bring up your ghostly viaticum.

Absolve his soul ; need enough, God wot !
Mumble and sprinkle and do your shriving ;
Yet, methinks, here and there shall be left a
 blot,
Hideously foul, despite your striving ;
Nor purfled quilts, nor pillows of lace,
Can relieve the guilt in that grim old face.

Soft ! stand back — it is his last ;
Get hence, your priestly craft is o'er ;
For him the pomp of the world is past —
The king that was is king no more :
Let the bells be rung, let the mass be said,
And the king's heir know that the king is dead.

WHEN CLOVER BLOOMS.

WHEN clover blooms in the meadows,
 And the happy south winds blow ;
 When under the leafy shadows
 The singing waters flow —
 Then come to me ; as you pass
 I shall hear your feet in the grass,
 And my heart shall awake and leap
 From its cool, dark couch of sleep,
 And shall thrill again, as of old,
 Ere its long rest under the mould —
 When clover blooms.

Deem not that I shall not waken ;
 I shall know, my love, it is you ;
 I shall feel the tall grass shaken,
 I shall hear the drops of the dew

That scatter before your feet ;
I shall smell the perfume sweet
Of the red rose that you wear,
As of old, in your sunny hair ;
Deem not that I shall not know
It is your light feet that go
'Mid clover blooms.

O love, the years have parted —
The long, long years ! — our ways ;
You have gone with the merry-hearted
These many and many days,
And I with that grim guest
Who loveth the silence best.
But come to me — I shall wait
For your coming, soon or late,
For, soon or late, I know,
You shall come to my rest below
The clover blooms.

A ROMAN QUEEN.

IMPERIOUS on her ebon throne
She sits, a queen, in languid ease ;
Her lustrous locks are loosely blown
Back from her brow by some stray breeze
Lost in that vast, bright hall of state,
Where thronging suppliants fear and wait.

A dreamy fragrance, fine and rare,
Of sandal, nard and precious gum,
With balmy sweetness fills the air,
And mingles with the incense from
A quaint and costly azure urn,
Where Indian spices ever burn.

A jewelled serpent, wrought in gold,
Coils round her white and naked arm ;

Her purple tunic, backward rolled,
Reveals the full and regal charm
Of her fair neck, and ivory breast,
Half veiled beneath her broidered vest.

Her eyelids droop upon her eyes,
And curtained by the silken lash,
The smouldering fire that in them lies
Is scarcely seen, save when a flash,
Like that which lights the polar snow,
Gleams from the dusky depths below.

Her proud, cold lips are lightly wreathed
In smiles, as if with high disdain
She scorns to show her hate is sheathed,
And that he sues not all in vain
For favors of her haughty will,
Or e'en love's rarer guerdon still.

He stands before her white and fierce ;
His bosom with swift passion shakes ;
His burning vision seems to pierce
Her very soul ; he pleads ; he wakes

Within her heart a wild desire,
That flames and mounts like sudden fire.

A subtle glance, a whispered word,
A waving of her perfumed hand,
He feels his secret prayer is heard —
That she will know and understand ;
The queen is hid, and for a space
A love-swayed woman holds her place.

He bows, he leans toward the throne ;
Her breath is warm upon his cheek ;
She murmurs, and in every tone
He hears the love she dares not speak ;
What though the surging hundreds press ?
No eye shall see her swift caress.

Let him beware ; he toys with fate ;
False as the glittering serpent is
On her white arm, her love to hate
Shall change eftsoons ; then every kiss
She gives him with her fickle breath
Shall be surcharged with secret death.

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

HARK to the voice of me!
Hear thou the singing
Of him who has never
Been paid for his song!
This is the choice of me,
Still to go ringing
The rhymes that forever
Are surly and strong.

Know'st thou the regions cold
Whence I have hasted?
Know'st thou the way I take
Over the earth?

Still stand the legions old —
Ice-kings unwasted —
Fending the frigid lake
Where I had birth.

Frost-banded fountains
Snow-fed from far peaks ;
Firths of the polar sea
Rigid as stone ;
Shag-bearded mountains ;
Deeps that no star seeks ;
Strange lights that solar be —
These I have known.

Men fear the breath of me ;
Sorrow and anguish,
Famine and fever
Follow my path.
I am the death of thee ;
I make thee languish ;
Swiftly I sever
Love's ties in my wrath.

Chains cannot hold me,
Gyves cannot bind me,
Bolts cannot lock me,
Floods cannot drown !
Fly — and I fold thee ;
Hide — and I find thee ;
Cry — and I mock thee,
Howling thee down !

THE RE-AWAKENING.

A VOICE upon the hillside wakes,
A rill begins to laugh and leap,
And nature starts, and stirs, and breaks
The silence of her long, white sleep.

The soft, warm coverlet of snow
That veils her lovely limbs and face
She lightly flings aside, and so
Arises in her vast, nude grace.

But now her bright new robe of green
Is o'er her gleaming shoulders thrown,
And many a stream of silver sheen
Is girt about her like a zone.

Oh, she is fair ; her cheeks and brow
Are softly bathed in April rain ;
And, standing under yon green bough,
She hears the robin flute again.

Old memories kindle in her breast ;
Her eyes look forth through floating tears —
Tears not of sorrow ; she is blessed ;
God gives her youth through all the years.

God gives her youth with each new spring ;
Her winter's long, mysterious swoond
Is but her life's refashioning —
A healing of time's every wound.

O soul, lift up thy voice and sing ;
The seasons utter forth this truth —
Thy winter past, behold ! one spring,
Thou'lt wake, clothed in immortal youth.

A LOVER'S VESPER SONG.

THE blue bends down to kiss the hills,
 The hills rise up to kiss the blue,
 They clasp and kiss at their own sweet wills —
 Love, why not I and you?

The sea leaps forward to the land,
 The land hugs close the amorous sea ;
 They meet and marry on the strand —
 Love, why not thus meet me?

Look off, and mark the fervid west,
 How night stoops down to fold the day,
 How day leans on night's throbbing breast —
 Sweet love, shall we delay?

The hills and sky, the land and sea,
 The day and darkness teach us this, —
 That you must wed, dear love, with me,
 Or life's best guerdon miss.

HESPER.

O STAR of the pale-bosomed night,
Let thy smile re-illumine the world ;
Like a garment the darkness clothes valley and
height,
In the dim-caverned west dies the opaline light,
And the pinions of sleep are unfurled.

Come forth from thy tent in yon cloud,
That thy beauty may gladden the skies ;
See, the mountains lie folded in mist like a
shroud,
And the river that loves thee is singing aloud,
And the summer wind seeks thee with sighs.

In her chamber, 'mid curtains of white,
My lady lies silent in sleep ;

O star, shed thy balm through the strokes of
the night,
Charm the hours, as they go, that her dreams
may be bright,
And the hush of the darkness be deep.

And lo ! when the gates of the dawn
Shall unfold, and the shepherdess leads
Her white flocks to feed on some high dewy
lawn,
And the mists and the visions of night are with-
drawn,
And the rivulet sings through the meads,—

Then fair shall my lady appear,
And sweet as the breath of the May ;
And her heart shall be light as the heart of the
year,
And shall throb into song, as she pauses to hear
The sound of the wakening day.

MY LADY.

AS shine from yonder dusky skies
The stars that fret the pallid night,
So shine my lady's heavenly eyes,
To fill the world with tender light.

Her voice is sweet as tinkling rills
That meet and mingle musically,
And trip together down the hills,
To lose themselves within the sea.

Not sweeter is the breath of June,
That stirs her garments lovingly,
Than are the words which, like a tune,
Fall from her lips melodiously.

Her hair is like a golden mesh
Wherein the tangled sunshine lies,

And like primroses, fair and fresh,
Her cheeks the dewy morning dyes.

As leans the lily on its stalk,
When lightly falls the wooing shower,
So leans she from the garden walk,
To catch the scent of some rare flower.

The earth is fairer since she is,
And nearer leans the happy sky ;
And half his terrors death shall miss,
Because my lady, too, must die.

RONDEAU.

WHEN I am dead, and all life's griefs at last
 Forever and forevermore are past,
 Though still the green earth wheels its ceaseless
 round,
 While I sleep sweetly in the cool, sweet ground,
 I shall not reck if time move slow or fast.

But, O my love, the deathless love thou hast
 Shall move like light above me in the vast
 Dim void of death, where breaks nor light nor
 sound —
 When I am dead.

I shall not reck though darkness overcast
 The summer sky, or the wild, winter blast
 Vex the heaped snows above my lowly mound,
 For I shall lie in silence softly wound,
 Soothed by the memory of what thou wast —
 When I am dead.

THE PRESENT.

WHAT matter we have suffered, dear, and
borne

A thousand pangs, when we are lying low ?

What matter that we drank the lees of scorn,

And wept beneath our griefs, as we weep
now,

When from our dust shall spring the matted
thorn ?

What matter, dear, that you and I have kept

Hearts sweet and tender through ungracious
years,

When in the sepulcher we shall have slept

A thousand moons, and dried are Memory's
tears,

And Love sings by the tomb where once she
wept ?

I know when we are gone the flowers will
bloom,

And in their seasons leaves will go and come,
And nesting birds will sing above our tomb ;

But still, what matter ? We shall both be
dumb,
And locked in silence and eternal gloom.

What matter, dear, though spring and summer
wane,

And winter come with chilling sleet and snow,
Or on our graves the flowers weep in rain,

Or on our graves the flowers forget to blow,
What matter, dear ?—we cannot then feel pain.

Should others love as you and I have loved,

What matter ?—we shall mingle hearts in
dust ;

Should others prove, as you and I have proved,

The faith of men, nor forfeit Heaven's high
trust,

What matter ?—they shall move as we have
moved.

Come, come away ! O, now we will not mourn,
For that which is not ; and the past is past ;
Though faded joys shall nevermore return,
Neither shall faded griefs, the first or last,
And time's true heir is of the present born.

O love, what may be shall not cloud the heart,
Nor steal joy from the present, which is ours ;
Now, *now* we'll clasp, and laugh at death, nor
part,
But make these, which we have, most golden
hours,
And when the Dread Voice calls, together start.

THE MOHAWK.

THOU windest down between the hills,
Past many a gleaming lawn and lea,
The tribute of a thousand rills
To bear toward the distant sea.

'Twixt level fields of wheat and corn,
By many a cool and quiet wood,
Past founts where singing streams are born,
Thou rollest down thy silver flood.

Within thy wave the shadows play ;
Along thy banks the blossoms bloom ;
And to and fro, through all the day,
The swallows sweep from sun to gloom.

Unchanged thy voice ; still sweet and low
 Thou murmurest to the leaves and grass
And happy winds that o'er thee blow
 And lightly kiss thee as they pass.

The lordly Hudson waits for thee ;
 With throbbing heart and smiling face,
He greets his bride right royally,
 And folds her in his wide embrace.

And thus espoused, ye sweetly flow
 Down to the boundless azure sea,
As loving souls together go
 Into God's vast eternity.

MORNING.

THE mist-born shapes of dawn about them
wrap

Their great gray cloaks and silently depart.

The dew-drops, one by one, slip off the spray,

As from the fullness of his mighty heart

The sun doth kiss earth's glittering tears away,

And, smiling, fling bright jewels in her lap.

Across the fields the cow-boy's merry call

Comes ringing, and the milkmaid's early song,

Mixed with the lowing of the distant kine.

The morning-glories on the mouldered wall

Are open, bathing in the golden shine,

And turning from light Zephyr's amorous arms,

Bare all their bosoms to the roving bee.

The meadow brooks bound cheerily along

And kiss the timid flowers as they flee,

Leaving them weeping at a trust betrayed.

Pale, sad-eyed Phosphor in the east hath died ;
Dimmed by sweet morning's fuller, fairer
 charms,

Hath drooped and faded like a love-sick maid.

Along the river-shallows herons wade,

And on the wave the water-lilies ride,

And by the shore the silent plover steals,

Or thither comes a thirsty wren to drink.

Ah me, how glad the morn ! The breath of day

Brings to the wakened world its healing balm,

And softly breathes the fevered sleep away

From some wan sufferer's dim and hollow eyes.

Up from the village mellow murmurs rise,

And from yon hillside, where the white flocks
 stray,

A single distant bell, now faint, now clear,

Blends its sweet cadence with the morning calm.

Life bubbles up and overflows its brink ;

In every heart hope sings, and love is dear

Where'er o'er earth the morning angel flies.

NIGHTFALL.

DESCEND, O dewy twilight, o'er the hills,
With kisses soft and cool ; the whip-poor-
wills,

Deep-buried in the bosom of the vale,
Wait for thy coming, and the young moon, pale
And dimly crescent, o'er the vapory height
Climbs slowly up, wreathed in her own faint
light.

The voices of the day are quenched in sleep ;
Along the dusky slopes the peaceful sheep
Feed 'mid the shadows, and anon is heard,
Waking to sweet complaint some drowsy bird,
The mellow tinkling of the leader's bell.
Upon the gloom now softly sink and swell
The cricket's slender vespers, and afar,
As if to mock eve's solitary star,

Or echo back the watch-dog's distant howl,
From yon lone wood the hooting of the owl
Deepens the hush and loneliness of night.
Upon the lawn, the roses, red and white,
Sift their light petals o'er the beaded grass,
And on the poppiéd breezes, as they pass,
Breathe out the musky secrets of their hearts.
Now on his quest the wheeling bat departs
With beating wings, and countless beetles boom
Headlong across the fields. The purple gloom
Thickens upon the landscape ; in the skies
The tardy stars come out ; and murmurs rise
From streams that through the curtained dark-
ness flow,
Fretting among their pebbles as they go.
In the still orchards, and the meadows damp,
The fitful firefly kindles his small lamp,
While o'er the marish comes the ceaseless sound
Of piping voices. From the dew-drenched
ground
A subtle incense rises, and the air
Is laden with a perfume keen and rare.

Low in the west the embers of the day
Die darkly down ; a mist hangs, chill and gray,
Above the silent river's sleepy tide,
Whereon the folded water-lilies ride,
And the tall flags, stirred by the curling waves,
Whisper together. Where the current laves
The trailing branches of yon rustling tree,
Floats a thin sound of airy revelry,
And in a dizzy maze the singing gnats
Dance slowly off across the reedy flats.
How beautiful is the dark ! the gradual calm
Steals into all the blood, and like a balm
The crystal drops of night wide o'er the land
Are scattered, as by some invisible hand.
Welcome, O dark ! Tired heart, thou too art
 blest ;
After the weary day, night brings thee rest ;
After the wildering tumult, strife, and heat,
The coolness comes, and silence soft and sweet.

THE OLD STORY.

THROUGH tangled grass the rill sobbed by ;
 We saw eve's red sun glow ;
The peaceful herds were browsing nigh ;
 The village slept below.

A trailing ivy, like a wreath,
 Drooped down upon her hair,
And she who, blushing, stood beneath
 Knew she was very fair.

The pomp of the declining day,
 The beauty of the place,
Around us like a halo lay,
 And shone upon her face.

We lingered there with many a sigh,
And many a whispered vow ;
I saw the tear steal from her eye,
I saw her clouded brow.

Afar we heard the minster bell ;
Slowly the day went out ;
Then, as the twilight round us fell,
I told her all my doubt.

Like sunshine shot through April skies,
Her smile flashed through her tears,
And while I dried her beauteous eyes,
She kissed away my fears.

O fickle tears ! O faithless vows !
O fond, delusive trust !
Love weeping goes with hidden brows,
And wings low in the dust.

ESTRANGED.

THEY met, and all the world was fair ;
Fair, too, were they, as any pair
Of birds of paradise ;
They met, and never meant to part,
But oh ! time chills the warmest heart,
And dims the brightest eyes.

They met, and love betwixt them born,
From morn to dark, from dark to morn,
Walked with them through the land ;
O, blithely sped the singing hours,
Till, lured to pluck the star-eyed flowers,
Each loosed the other's hand.

Then love took flight with sudden fright,
And now they wander through the night,

Blind with their helpless tears ;
They grope amid the thorns and sand,
But cannot touch each other's hand
Through all the lonely years.

A CRUSHED ROSE.

WHEN beauty, with her magic wand,
 Touched thy young petals through and
 through,
 A lovelier robe by thee was donned
 Than e'er the bright Belphebe knew.
 The bee sipped at thy ruby mouth,
 And swift, sweet blushes did o'erplay
 Thy perfect features, when the south
 Wind kissed thy nightly tears away.
 But low thou liest now in dust,
 To happier roses but a scorn,
 The puppet of each passing gust,
 Made fellow of by baser born.
 O sweet decay ! O fitting type
 Of virtue from its place down hurled —

Of grace discrowned by a too-ripe,
 Voluptuous day in this mad world !
Thou wast the plaything of an hour ;
 Awhile thou wast some lover's pride ;
Then lightly, for another flower,
 Thy heart was crushed and thrown aside.

EVENSONG.

OVER the old, tired world the soothing night
Sinks softly down ; still faintly glows the
west ;

The eager birds now cease their joyous flight,
And seek the loving shelter of the nest :
O heart, fret not ; pause in the fading light ;
This evening-time thou too shalt have thy
rest.

Fieldward the cattle thrid their dewy way ;
The evening star hangs in the quiet sky :
Athwart the leas the shadows long and gray
Stretch out like arms, and prone and darkling
lie

Upon the unresting brooks ; gone is the day ;
O restless heart, thine evening, too, draws
nigh.

SONG OF THE SPRING.

BLUE lies the light upon the hills ;
Keen scents of earth steal freshly up,
Mixed with the winy air that fills
The valley like a mighty cup.

Warm winds, blown hither from yon wold,
Come laden with the breath of flowers,
And songs of brooks are blithely trolled
Through all the slumb'rous, sunlit hours.

From far afield, yet sweet and clear
Above the mingled sounds of spring,
Through all the mellow day I hear
The swinging sower lightly sing.

Like flakes of newly fallen snow,
The blossoms flutter from the trees ;
And like far music, faint and low,
I hear the murmur of the bees.

Ah soul ! how good it is to be !
The pulses of the very sod
Awake, and stir mysteriously
Beneath the quickening breath of God.

There is no death ; the years shall bring
Thee nearer to some viewless goal,
Where bloom perennial flowers of spring,
And singing streams forever roll.

A SUMMER DAY.

THE sunshine lies athwart yon emerald bosk,
Where blithesome runnels dance from out
the dusk

Of greenery, spired like an eastern mosque,
And o'er the fields the winds steal, faint with
musk.

The sun, midway upon his tireless march,
Eyes languidly the green earth's sleepy face,
But the fond sky, with arms in dreamy arch,
Stoops down to take her in its soft embrace.

Lo! lying yonder in an azure swoon,
Where earth and sky in misty outlines merge,
I see the narrow, curved, white summer moon,
Pale and uncertain, o'er yon western verge.

Dim is the circuit of the far-off hills,
From whose light crests the thin, blue forests
fail
In distance, and beyond the sunlight fills
The white-winged clouds that o'er the heavens
sail.

The yearning willow bends each leafy spray,
And softly dips it in the sliding wave ;
And on yon pebbly marge, across the way,
Two little wrens their soft, brown pinions
lave.

A slumberous silence steeps the summer noon,
Save the cicada's piping, shrill and long,
And now and then a hautboy's drowsy tune,
In fitful snatches of an old love-song.

O day of dreams, thou art not wholly lost ;
When winter winds shall wax through sleety
rain,
And all the flowers lie dead beneath the frost,
In memory I shall live thee o'er again.

AN AUTUMN MORNING.

I.

NOW o'er yon hill the glad Aurora comes,
Blushing from rosy cheeks to finger tips,
And o'er the meadow, through the mist,
she slips
Into the forest where the partridge drums.
The humble bee above the holly hums ;
The willow in the river softly dips ;
Across the field the merry milkmaid trips,
And on her shining pail she gently thrums
An old love-ditty, wondering the while
If Robin Gray will meet her at the stile.
The lowing cattle o'er the sweet, late grass,
With rattling hoofs press onward to the rill,
Brushing the glittering dewdrops as they pass,
Till at the bubbling stream they drink their
fill.

II.

Scarcely a bird-song in the sunlit air,
Save now and then a mournful chickadee,
Weeping its heart away in melody,
Cries out the burden that it cannot bear.
The forest trees upon the upland wear
A gayer livery, and the eye can see,
As higher up the sun climbs lazily,
The shocks of corn stacked on the hillside fair.
The creaking wain rolls slowly toward the field,
Where tawny pumpkins doze beneath the
sun ;
Beyond, the patient cattle, one by one,
Stand waiting still their treasured sweets to
yield,
Looking with wondering eyes ; the maid
the while
Kisses her Robin by the meadow stile.

THE WANDERER.

HAVE you seen our little one ?
Yesterday
In our midst she sweetly shone,
Radiant, star-like ; there were none
But did love her ; ah, they say
That we 've lost her — that she 's gone
Far away.

You would know her on the street ;
Shining hair,
Eyes of blue, and dainty feet —
You would know her should you meet
Our lost darling anywhere.
God's own saints are not more sweet,
Nor more fair.

We have sought her to and fro,
But in vain ;
Ah ! if she could only know
How our hearts with tears o'erflow,
She would come to us again ;
She would take away our woe,
Heal our pain !

Shall we ever see her more ? —
Shining head,
Laughing lips and eyes of yore ?
Shall we have her as before, —
Our lost bird that lightly spread
The swift, viewless wings she wore,
And so fled ?

Ay, we shall not lose her quite ;
By and by,
When our eyes have better sight,
Growing used to larger light,
Her fair path we shall descry.
God will guide our feet aright,
Graciously. •

We shall find her some rare day,
 Soon or late ;
We shall find her at her play,
Blithe as when she fled away ;
So we will not wail our fate :
Though our heads and hearts be gray,
 We can wait.

UNCHANGEABLE.

BEHOLD the light upon the purple hill ;
Behold the undimmed glory of the sky ;
Look ! as of old there singing goes the rill —
Love, all things do not die.

There gleams as bright an emerald in the grass,
As in those years when you and I were
young ;
The restless birds that ever come and pass
Sing with as sweet a tongue.

The flowers that spring on yonder sunny slope
Are just as fair as flowers used to be ;
The world hath changed not ! we have lost our
hope,
And we have changed, love, we.

Have lost our hope? nay, love, our hope is
found;

Secure from change, secure from tempests
wild,

Forevermore our own, beneath the ground,
O love, we keep our child.

NOVA VITA.

“That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.”

1 COR. xv. 36.

O DAINTY babe, thou wast too fair to die ;
 What couldst thou have to do with writhing
 worms,
 With dank, dull clods, and the grave's mystery?
 What dim affinity with these blind germs,
 Which nature, when the time is ripe, shall
 change
 To waving corn, didst thou possess? O strange
 And dark to mortal vision are the ways
 Of Infinite Wisdom. Need'st thou, too, descend
 Into the earth's cold bosom with the maize,
 That fostering nature unto thee may lend

Her subtlest powers of light and warmth and
dew,
To make thee blossom into life anew ?
What sweeter charms, what graces rich and
rare,
Unknown to human love, shalt thou assume ?
O, than thou wast can there be ought more fair ?
Thy face was like a flower in its bloom,
Delicate, pure and joyous, and thine eyes
Deeper and bluer than yon deep blue skies.
Lo ! I must fare along the weary years,
Lonely and hopeless, seeing through my tears
Only a low green mound of summer grass,
Where once I hid thee in the peaceful keep
Of night and silence, who shall rock thy deep
Cool cradle, till I too one day shall pass
Death's border unawares, and fall on sleep.

EVENING AT CAPE ANN.

HUGE rocks, hurled upward by the angry sea,
Like Titan warriors slain in some fierce
fray,

Lie scattered yonder where the billows
gray

Leap up and smite each other wrathfully.

Athwart the wet wide sands the long waves
flow,

Tossing and tumbling in tumultuous flight ;
And far away, through gloom of gathering
night,

The shadowy ships on into darkness go.

Hark ! o'er the troubled ocean's ceaseless roar,
The lonely crying of the whip-poor-will
Sounds mournfully along the wooded hill
That lifts its solemn brow above the shore.

Night reigns upon the sea and on the land,
Supreme, save where yon beacon shines
afar,

As though, ere its last plunge, a falling star
Had been arrested by some mighty hand,

And there forever o'er the restless deep
Poised as a shining hope, while to and fro
The home-bound vessels through the dark-
ness go,

With precious freight for those who watch and
weep.

Ah me ! one eventide, across the main
Some silent ship shall come, I know not
whence,

From these dim shores of life to bear me
hence,

And nevermore to landward fare again.

Well, be it so ; let evening take its flight ;
To sail that sea I will not hesitate,
Nor question if the time be soon or late,
If so God's beacon shines across the night.

PAX MORTIS.

THE lady lies clothed all in white ;
Her yellow ringlets fall
Like throbbing rays of amber light
Along the sombre pall.

Her shapely limbs, like marble cold,
Gleam through the drapery
That clasps her form in many a fold,
To veil her chastity.

Her lips, pale blighted buds of May,
Shall bloom no more, and lo !
How swiftly shall dissolve away
Her bosom's drifted snow.

The light hath left her sweet blue eyes ;
The silver voice is mute, —
Its music fled ; and now she lies
Dumb as a shattered lute.

Her hands are crossed upon her breast ;
O, is this death or sleep ?
And does she only take her rest,
While stars their vigils keep ?

The lights burn softly in their place ;
A perfume fills the air ;
The silence lies upon her face,
And on her yellow hair.

Her two white feet are still and cold ;
Her two cold cheeks are white ;
But lying under warm soft mould,
She'll feel no chill of night.

The wingèd moments come and go ;
The lady doth not reckon ;
A single rose, as white as snow,
Lies on her sweet white neck.

The silent stars wheel over her ;
The watchers watch in vain ;
Though dawn shall come she will not stir,
Nor wake nor weep again.

REQUIESCAT.

SHE sleeps, and may her peaceful rest
Unbroken be ;
The flowers that nod above her breast
She cannot see ;
To warbling bird, to purling brook,
Deaf are her ears ;
Sealed is the volume of the book
Of her brief years.
So let her rest ; she will not heed
The tales they tell ;
She recks not now of word or deed —
She slumbers well.

ISABEL.

WHEN bloom the fairest flowers of spring,
And on the brook the blossom floats ;
When, ere the robin takes the wing,
He flutes his sweetest notes ;
I miss thee in the ancient haunt,
Where long ago we loved to dwell —
Where still the tall, white lilies flaunt,
Like those we plucked, sweet Isabel.

But when the northern winds blow cool,
And white the moon gleams o'er the mere,
I linger by the darkened pool,
And drop for thee a tear ;
Or when behind the sobbing pines
The moon looks low o'er hill and fell,
Kneel where the river inward winds,
And pray for thee, my Isabel.

THE DIFFERENCE.

ONCE more glad Nature's pulse awakes,
 And Earth upheaves her bounteous breast ;
 On bye and croft the drifted flakes
 Of blossoms lie ; a soft wind shakes
 The clouds from out the west.
 Spring wears to-day the same sweet grace
 Which long — ah, long ! — ago she wore,
 When, in this dear familiar place,
 I used to greet a fair young face
 I know will come no more.

The windflowers prank the wooded ways ;
 The bloodroots shed their paly light ;
 O, sweet the tender vernal days,
 The fresh green fields, the soft blue haze,
 And sweet each vernal night !

Yet come no joys like those that were,
No voices like one voice of yore ;
The hours are full of cark and care,
Of heavy pain, of longing prayer,
For *she* will come no more.

THE LAST JOY.

O HEART, make thou not any moan ;
The years are gone, thy time hath passed ;
Yet thou mayst count this joy thine own —
Thou shalt find peace at last, at last.

Behold ! thy weary journeying
Draws to its close ! the solemn night
Shall to thee rest and respite bring,
And slumber sweetly veil thy sight.

This comfort still remains to thee,
Though all things else have fled away —
Thou shalt at length sleep quietly,
When night hath closed the long, sad day.

BALLADS.

KATIE LEIGH.

I MET, one summer morning,
When the dew lay on the grass,
Sweet Katie of the meadows,
A bonny, winsome lass ;
And my heart rose up exultant,
Yet startled and afraid,
To meet again those eyes whose glance
A spell upon it laid.

Lightly she tripped to meet me
Across the twinkling grass,
While the flowers blushed and trembled
And brightened to see her pass ;
I thought for a brief, dim instant
To swiftly haste away,
But as I doubted, she called my name,
And I could not choose but stay.

A bird in the hedgerow carolled
 To its mate in the maple-tree,
And as I looked into Katie's eyes,
 My heart throbbed tremblingly ;
For now they shone with merriment,
 And now grew dark and shy,
Till all their azure depths were changed
 Like a vexed April sky.

I said, " What is it, Katie ? "
 In a voice strange and dismayed ;
" My pet lamb, John, has slipped its leash,
 And to yon wood has strayed ;
I can hear the tinkling of its bell,
 But dare not venture there — "
And a question then dawned in her eyes
 That made her look thrice fair.

" And you wish me to find it, Katie ? "
 " Oh, John, if you only would ! "
And she nearer moved with her brown hands
 clasped
 In an eager attitude.

“ Well, wait for a few moments here,”

 I said, with an awkward bow,
And yet, as I turned, my heart rose up
 Blither and bolder now.

Why was it? A new light in her eyes,

 Or a new light in the day? —

Ah me! I had long loved Katie,

 And oft, in my bashful way,
Had lingered, hearing her low sweet voice,

 For hours at the garden gate,
Longing to say what I never could say,
 Though my heart cried, “ Haste, ere too
 late ! ”

I think that Katie knew my mind,

 And knew the thing I would say,
For when I would stammer and try to speak,

 She would smile and look away ;
Then, alas for my sudden courage,
 And the hope too brief and bright !

The stars grew dark, and the blind world
 reeled —

I could only say, “ Good night ! ”

Thus ever I put my doom aside,
 Till two long years had fled,
And still within my heart I bore
 Its secret yet unsaid ;
But when we met, that dewy morn,
 Under the sunny skies,
My heart grew bright with a nameless light
 That shone from her sweet blue eyes.

I vowed as I led the lost lamb back
 Through the tangled wood and vine,
That now I would speak my love to her,
 And ask her to be mine :
She stood by the hedge, nigh the maple-tree,
 In her beauty and her grace,
With the sunlight still in her azure eyes,
 And the bloom of the morn on her face.

“O, thank you, John !” she said, and smiled
 A smile like the summer bright,
And holding her hand for the hempen leash,
 In mine I clasped it tight ;

“Katie,” I said, “I want to speak
What you have known so long —
I love you, Katie ; tell me, sweet,
Do I do my heart a wrong ?

“For two long years I’ve borne my love,
Nor ever dared to speak —”
And looking down, I saw a flush
Had crept o’er either cheek ;
“Do you love me, Katie ? speak,” I said,
“May I call this dear hand mine ?”
With a deeper flush she hid her face,
And whispered, “I am thine.”

So the sun never shone so goldenly down,
And the sky was never so blue,
And the flowers were never so bright, as we
walked
Back over the morning dew ;
The birds never sang so sweetly before,
Such a morn I had never seen ;
And the sumac berries were never so red,
And the grass was never so green.

So the blue-bells merrily rang that day,
And the sumac's torches burned,
And the red rose changed to a deeper red,
And the white rose whiter turned ;
The lily hung its graceful head,
And blushed at the kiss of morn,
While Psyche laughed, and the wingèd Boy
Shrilled the blithe marriage horn.

When the leaves on the trees were tipped with
flame,
And corn hung full on the ear ;
When the red-cheeked apples fell from the
boughs,
And the harvest was ripe of the year ;
When aftermath had nigh its growth
In fields that summer had shorn,
Katie redeemed the promise she made
In the meadow that golden morn.

The years have gone with a noiseless tread,
And summer has come again,

The birds are singing in all the fields,
And daisies are white in the lane ;
The leaves are thick on the maple-tree,
The corn's silk tassels wave,
And mellow flecks of sunshine play
In the grass on Katie's grave.

AN AUTUMN BALLAD.

PERHAPS I loved him better than the others — who shall tell ?

But he was always a good boy and made me love him well ;

He was not like my Robert, nor was he like my Will,

His ways were always different — so steady, true, and still.

I mind me how he left me on that shining autumn day ;

The corn was shocked upon the hill, where the yellow pumpkins lay ;

The apples fell from loaded boughs, the fields were green and fair,

And plenty, peace, and happiness breathed in the earth and air.

He stood against the mellow light within the
open door ;
His shadow wavered through my tears along the
sunny floor,
To where I sat and sobbed, as if my lonely
heart would break,
For he was last to leave me—he had waited
for my sake.

His eyes were dim and tearful, and his voice
was broken, slow ;
“It is my duty, mother,” he said, “that I should
go ;
The government has need of men ; I go to fill
my place ;
'Tis better I should go to death than stay and
win disgrace.”

He turned and left me, for he could not speak
another word,
But as he passed the garden gate a stifled sob I
heard.

In strange bewilderment I rose and looked upon
the day ;
There in the sunlight danced the rill by which
he used to play.

I heard the sound of marching feet, I heard the
bugle blow ;
And through my open door I saw the soldiers
come and go ;
A face I knew, a face I loved, flashed by me,
still and white,
And passed, though then I knew it not, forever
from my sight.

What need to tell the weary while of anxious
nights and days
That followed ? On the peaceful hills I saw the
cattle graze ;
The misty sunshine, warm and soft, lay on the
golden leaf,
But not on that dark heart of mine, so bowed
and full of grief.

It came full soon, the cruel blow, ere scarce a
month was gone,
And he, my boy, my best beloved, whom I had
leaned upon,
Forth from the carnage and the strife, the murderous
blare and heat,
Was brought, the war's first offering, and laid
before my feet.

I could not look on his dead face, I could not
moan nor weep,
When, wrapped within his country's flag, they
bore him to his sleep ;
There, day and night, beside his grave goes rip-
pling down the rill,
And there the last late sunbeam lingers on the
pleasant hill.

My Robert and my Will came back ; they are
good boys to me,
But somehow in my life there is a dreary va-
cancy ;

I miss his step, I miss his voice, his quiet ways
I miss,
And daily on my lips it seems I yet must feel
his kiss.

The seasons go their wonted round ; through all
the autumn days,
The dreamy earth lies lightly swathed within an
amber haze ;
But never come such days to me as when, in that
old year,
The world was beautiful to me because my boy
was here.

Perhaps I loved him better than the others —
who shall tell ?
But he was always a good boy and made me love
him well ;
And since I know that he has gone to come
again no more,
It seems that he is nearer far, and dearer than
before.

NORA.

SHE stands in the light of the setting sun,
Till the bright bars vanish, one by one,

And the stars are hung in the azure dome,
Like lamps, to guide lost spirits home.

Thus she has watched through the weary years,
Through moments of hope and months of tears —

Watched at twilight pale and gray,
While ever the slow years crept away —

Watched and waited for one to come
Back, over the wide wild prairie, home.

He went when her cheek was fresh and fair,
And the sunlight slept in her yellow hair ;

When her eyes were blue, and her lips were
red —

As sweet a bride as was ever wed.

But now she is old and wrinkled and gray,
For the years have fretted her beauty away,

And dim are her eyes that were once so blue,
Yet her love is loyal, her heart is true.

So she waits and waits while the sun goes down,
And over the prairie, naked and brown,

The shadows come stealing, big and black ;
For he said, "Wait, Nora, till I come back,"

And he passed away through the gathering
gloom,
Away o'er the prairie, rich with bloom —

Whistling he passed through the deepening
dusk,
Through the twilight sweet with the scent of
musk —

To seek the kine that had gone astray ;
But he never returns by night or day.

“ Ah me ! Ah me ! ” she softly saith,
While her blue eyes shine with a mystic faith,

“ He seeketh far, he seeketh yet,
But he will come back, he will not forget.”

So day after day, as the night draws on,
She stands and waits at her door alone —

Waits while the sun sinks out of sight,
And she stands alone with the vast dim night.

Ah, yes ! ah, yes ! he hath gone afar,
For where the tremulous evening star

Gleams like a gem o’er the heart of the west,
He fell on sleep, on sleep and rest —

On sleep that is sweeter than we know here,
On rest unvexed by hope or fear.

Above his lowly and lonesome grave,
The long, strong grass and wild flowers wave,

And the shadows of morning and evening play,
While he slumbers the years of her waiting
away.

But lo ! one evening when sunset burns,
And in patient sorrow she waits and yearns,

Up from the shadowy earth he shall rise,
Like an angel of light to her dying eyes,

And shall touch her hand and say, "Love,
come,
Behold, the dear Christ calls us home ;"

For the ties of love that here are riven,
God will unite again in Heaven.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

SHE stands beside the sylvan stream —
The chief's one daughter, lithe and fair —
And, as she stands, a last late gleam
Of light lies tangled in her hair.

The boughs droop down above her face ;
The grasses kiss her naked feet ;
And one tall reed leans from its place,
To touch her bosom warm and sweet.

Behind her lies the quiet camp ;
Before her the calm waters flow ;
She sees the firefly light its lamp ;
She hears the night-wind, faint and low.

The sunset dies upon the hill ;
 The valley fades in deepening gloom ;
But where she stands, her presence still
 Sheds on the shadows light and bloom.

She looks away into the west ;
 Her eyes brim o'er with happy light ;
A song upbubbles from her breast —
 She scarcely heeds the falling night.

But hark ! a paddle softly dips ;
 A swift hand thrusts the leaves apart ;
The song is hushed upon her lips,
 While sudden tumult shakes her heart.

For lo ! he stands before her now —
 Her lover, young and strong and brave,
Above whose dark and fearless brow
 The plumes of eagles proudly wave.

A hated warrior's valiant son —
 Though years of feud have sundered wide
His sire from hers — has wooed and won
 The dusky maiden for his bride.

A clinging kiss, a passionate word,
 A lingering, doubtful look behind,
Low pleadings that are hardly heard,
 And eyes with tears confused and blind.

Then silent steps that do not pause ;
 Then long light dippings of an oar ;
A boat into the darkness draws,
 And fades from sight forevermore —

Fades and is gone : a hundred years
 Have passed since that dim summer night
When, half in triumph, half in tears,
 These lovers vanished out of sight.

And now beside that self-same stream,
 With many a clustering bough above,
I lie and dream a world-old dream,
 Beneath the eyes of her I love.

A BALLAD OF DEATH.

I HUG thy face to mine,
I feel thy breath ;
What breath so shrewd as thine,
So sweet, O death ?

Give me thy lips to kiss ;
Like sharp old wine
They thrill and sting with bliss —
Those lips of thine.

Against thy heart I press,
O death, my lover ;
My utter nakedness
Thy cloak shall cover —

Thy cool thick cloak of grass
And woven flowers,
Through which no heat can pass,
Nor frost nor showers.

No warmth is in thy breast,
Nor is it colder
Than lends a pleasant rest
To them that moulder.

My heart from thy true heart
Time shall not sunder ;
We shall not lie apart,
The dark sod under ;

But lie in cloven clay,
And clasp and kiss,
Nor miss the light of day,
Nor starlight miss.

My mouth shall cleave to thine,
My arms shall hold thee ;
Thy soul shall mix with mine,
Thy peace enfold me.

I grasp thy bony wrist,
Nor fear nor falter ;
Thy love shall still exist
(Nor ever alter)

When earthly love hath fled
And left no traces :
Thy tears are never shed
On faded faces.

Than love of earthly friends,
What love is blinder ?
Earth's love with hatred blends ;
Thy love is kinder :

Thy love shall still exist,
Despite derision ;
No dim deceitful mist
E'er clouds thy vision,

But thou dost see aright ;
Thy love hath power
To purge thine inward sight,
From hour to hour.

Lean over ; let me touch
Thy wan white face ;
Thou hast such beauty, such
High, godlike grace.

Mine eyes thy kisses seal,
And on me pressing
Thy thin moist palms I feel,
In mute caressing.

O death, I love thee, thou
So gracious art ;
I lay my throbbing brow
On thy cool heart,

And sink beneath a flood
Of blissful feeling,
While into all my blood
Thy calm is stealing.

Who grieves to leave an earth
Of tears and sighs,
Of moans and hollow mirth,
Of spite and lies ?

Not I. Make room for me ;
 My face is numb ;
Henceforth with kissing thee
 My lips are dumb.

THE TYRIAN'S MEMORY.

I.

WHAT stars were kindled in the skies,
 What blossoms bloomed, what rivers ran,
 I wis not now; how wide the span
 Of years which dimly stretch between
 That morn I saw the big sun rise,—
 Blinking upon the dazzling sheen
 Of banners in the Grecian van,—
 And this, no tongue shall tell, I ween.

II.

On helm and shield, on sword and spear,
 The sun shone down exultingly;
 No son of Tyre knew how to flee
 Before the face of any foe,

Nor would our women shed a tear,
 Though face to face with speechless
 woe,
And heart to heart with misery ;
 For *fear* a Tyrian could not know.

III.

There came the sound of clashing arms,
 Of catapults and falling stones,
 Of shouts, and shrieks, and stifled groans,
 While men stood on the crumbling
 wall,
And recked not of the dire alarms,
 But saw their brave compatriots fall,
And heard the crunching of their bones,
 Then closed with death, unheeding all.

IV.

I know not how the battle fared,
 Though Tyre, "the ocean queen," is dead,
And lowly lies her crownless head,
 Amid the ashes of her pyre.

Few were the warriors that were spared
The spear, the flying dart, the fire ;
Into my heart an arrow sped —
My eyes were closed on falling Tyre.

v.

I have forgot how tenderly
The olive ripened on the hill ;
How sweetly, when the nights were still,
The nightingale sang in the grove ;
How soft the moon was on the sea,
How low the mourning of the dove ;
For my dead heart no memories thrill,
Save the glad memory of my love.

vi.

O, like the footsteps of the morn
Her footsteps gleamed along the street ;
Her shining, foam-white, sandalled feet
Fell lightly as the summer rain

On stones which grosser feet had worn ;
 And, but my heart so long has lain
In ashes, it would wake and beat
 At thought of meeting her again.

VII.

Her hair was dark as Egypt's night ;
 Her breasts shone like twin nenuphars ;
Her brave eyes burned like Syrian stars
 That morn she pressed her lips to mine,
And bade me forth unto the fight ;
 My blood shot through my veins like
 wine ;
I felt myself another Mars —
 In thew, in life, in love divine.

VIII.

Who knows that on the emerald zone
 Which belts the changeless azure sea
Another city yet may be,
 More fair than Tyre ? Nathless, I wis,

Howe'er the phantom years have flown,
The wrinkled world must ever miss
That Tyrian maid who gave to me
Her first, her last, her farewell kiss.

SONNETS.

CLEOPATRA TO ANTONY.

GIVE over ; let me be ; I will not feel
The sting of your keen kisses on my lips ;
You shall not hold one moment ev'n the tips
Of my shut fingers, though you cry and kneel.
My face aches, and my tired senses reel ;
Through all my veins a drowsy poison slips ;
My sight grows dim with gradual eclipse,
For slumber on mine eyes has set his seal.
Get hence ; I will no more to-night ; the bars
Of love are placed against you now ; go while
I hate you not, my Roman ; the sick stars
Wax faint and pallid in the dawn's red smile.
Look ! I am quenched in sleep, as nenuphars
Are quenched in the broad bosom of the Nile.

ROMEO TO JULIET.

LOVE, touch my mouth with kisses as with
fire ;

Lean hard against my breast, that I may feel
From thy warm heart its influence subtly steal
Through all my veins ; with overmuch desire
My spirit fainteth, and my lips suspire

Swiftly with heavy breathings ; round me reel
The shadows of the dark, and downward
wheel

The dim, far stars from heaven ; draw me nigher
Unto thy bosom, love, for all my sense

Of earth and time fleets from me . . . Day-
ward flows

The stream of night, and into yon immense
Blue void the slow moon fails ; hold me more
close,

Lest from thine arms my spirit hasten hence,
Going that viewless way no mortal knows.

SYRINX.

LEAVE me to wither here by this dark pool,
 Where the wind sighs amid the shuddering
 reeds,
 And slimy things creep through the water-
 weeds,
 And snakes glide out from coverts dim and cool.
 Leave me, O Pan ; thou hast been made the
 fool
 Of thy hot love ; go where thy white flock
 feeds,
 And pipe thy ditties in the dewy meads,
 And watch the silly sheep that own thy rule.
 Get hence ; I am become a loveless thing ;
 No charms of mine shall ever tempt thee
 more ;

No more in valleys green and echoing

Shalt thou surprise and fright me, as of yore ;
Go, clash thy hoofs, and make the woodlands
ring,

But let me wither here on this dark shore.

III

PAN.

[T was but yesterday I saw his sheep,
The while he led them up the height to
feed,
And heard him merrily pipe upon his reed,
And mock the echoes from yon rocky steep ;
'T was yesterday I found him fast asleep,
His flock forgot and wantoning in the mead,
His pipe flung lightly by with idle heed,
And shadows lying round him, cool and deep.
But though I seek I shall not find him more,
In dewy valley or on grassy height ;
I listen for his piping — it is o'er,
From out mine ears gone is the music quite ;
There on the hill the sheep feed as before,
But Pan, alas, has vanished from my sight !

RIZPAH.

BLOWN through the gusty spaces of the
 night,

The pale clouds fleet like ghosts along the
 sky ;

A fitful wind goes moaning feebly by,
 And the faint moon, poised o'er the craggy
 height,

Dies in its own uncertain, misty light.

Within the hills the water-springs are dry ;

The herbs are withered ; and the sand-wastes
 lie

Dim, wide, and lonely to the weary sight.

Behold ! her awful vigil she will keep

Through the wan night as through the burn-
 ing day ;

Though all the world should sleep she will not
sleep,

But watch, wild-eyed and fierce, to scare away,
As round and round, with hoarse, low cries they
creep,

From her dead sons the hungry beasts of
prey.

VOX DOLORIS.

JERUSALEM, B.C., 458.

NAY, but I loved thee so — and love thee still :
 Look, didst thou not, when thou a stranger
 wast

In my far Babylon, the bright, the vast,
 Lead me the happy bondmaid of thy will ?
 Why wilt thou put me from thee ? What dire ill
 Have I wrought on thy heart ? I hold thee
 fast,

And cling and cry till life's last hope is past,
 And faith grows sick with fears that scorch and
 kill.

Is thy God cruel, that this needs must be ?
 Canst thou forget the love, the dear delight,

The song, the dance, the mirth and minstrelsy,
Wherewith the swift days fled, too brief and
bright ?

Shall not our babes' sweet voices cry to thee,
Through all the hollow watches of the night ?

THE ANGEL OF NIGHT.

WITH dusky pinions spread, from out the
land

Of twilight glides the angel of the night,
And earthward softly plumes her silent flight,
While gathering darkness from her wings is
fanned

Across the cloud-world, musically and bland.

Around her flow her garments, sprent with
stars,

As far away, toward the sunset bars,
She takes her noiseless flight, and from her
hand

Scatters the balm of sleep on all below.

From off her wings she winnows silver dew

On slumbering flowers, whose aromas go
Far in Æolian wanderings, breaking through
Melodious silence in faint ebb and flow,
Till fair Aurora peeps from eastern blue.

A CITY CRY.

HERE hoarsely moan the floods of human
woe,

And evermore, along the busy streets,
The iron hoof of traffic loudly beats,
And lean-faced avarice shuffles to and fro ;
Here grudgingly the feet of mercy go

Where gaunt and grimy squalor sits and eats
Her bitter bread, and here, through foul re-
treats,

Death's noisome currents darkly ebb and flow.
O God, of those sweet airs which blow between
The emerald hills, let me e'er breathe ; keep
me,

Far from the roaring city, in thy green
And quiet solitudes, where I may see
The birds, the flowers, the grass, and sweetly
lean

My heart upon the peace and love of thee.

THE PROPHET'S END.

BETTER to hide the weary face awhile ;
 Better to let them have it as they will ;
 They would but mock thee, scourge thee,
 harry still
 Thy tired soul ; go, cease thee from thy toil.
 Flee from these dim vain ways where millions
 moil,
 And wrangle for a bauble ; let them fill
 Each other's restless lives with strenuous
 ill —
 Thou shalt be free at last from strife and guile.
 Go to thy mother, child, and take thy sleep ;
 Go, lay thee, silent, in her cool wide arms ;
 Secure from troublous time, in her large keep
 Thou shalt lie peaceful 'mid the world's
 alarms ;
 Go, get thee to thy mother-earth, and creep
 Into her bosom, where no evil harms.

PARTING.

LOVE, are our lives so long that we may part
For months and years, nor feel a pang of
grief?

Or is the measure of the days so brief
That, as they go, they leave no bitter smart
To trace its dreary record on the heart?

O, unto thee is not the fallen leaf,
The withered landscape, and the rustling
sheaf,

Presageful of a time when we must start
Upon a longer journey, nevermore

To come again and clasp each other's hand,
And look with love into each other's
eyes?

Lo! here we may not tarry long, for o'er
Our sight a vapor gathers, and the land
Lies wrapped in gloom descending from
the skies.

SUNDERED.

I SHALL not touch her face, her hands again ;
 I shall not mingle her warm breath with
 mine ;

I shall not drink again the sharp, sweet
 wine

Of her swift kisses, for dear Love is slain.

Yea, Love lies cold and dead ; but pallid Pain,
 Upon whose haggard cheeks the salt tears
 shine,

Hath set upon our brows her blood-red sign
 Of thorny anguish, like the mark of Cain.

Upon us Time hath wrought his change, for lo !

Not now we meet and pass, as heretofore,
 Each knowing that which none save us could
 know —

How full of love our hearts were to the core ;
 But now across life's wide waste fields we go
 Our separate ways, to meet again no more.

THE DREAM.

LAST night I dreamed that thou wast by my
side,

And thy sweet voice fell flute-like on mine
ear,

In accents solemn, low, yet silver-clear,
And thou didst look upon me tender-eyed.

Then all my passionate longing and my pride,
All my dull pain of hopelessness and fear,

Vanished like mist upon a mountain mere
Which the warm sun salutes at morning-tide.

All night my heart was full of speechless bliss,
And though thou wast less human than
divine,

I felt at last I nevermore should miss

From out my life that loveliness of thine ;
For when our souls closed in one swooning kiss,
I knew eternally that thou wast mine.

JOY IN SORROW.

THE wan November sun is westering ;
The pale, proud year puts all her glory by ;
Beneath her blue bare feet her vestures lie,
And white and faint she stands a-shivering :
And yet the world's great heart is quickening
Beneath dead leaves and grass grown sere
and dry,
And through the silence of the sombre sky
Throb swift pulsations of a forefelt spring.
So all our sorrow hath a core of bliss ;
Some prophecy of pleasure tempers pain
In every heart, and through our bitterness
Strikes a fierce joy that not a pang is vain ;
Life hath no hidden good that life shall miss,
For with all loss is mixed some god-like
gain.

EDMUND SPENSER.

HOW have the years flown since that golden
day

When, where the Mulla rolls her dimpling
flood,

Thou heardst the birds sing in the Irish
wood,

And Raleigh with thee on the upland lay!

Again through gloomy forests old and gray,

O'er many a waste and trackless solitude,

Whitherso'er thy Muse's knightly mood

May lead us in thy tale, we seem to stray.

O master, it was not on oaten reeds

Thou madest music for the world's delight,

Nor yet on Pan's shrill pipe didst thou
e'er flute;

To sing of courtly grace and lordly deeds,

Of lovely Una and the Redcross Knight,

Behold! thou hadst Apollo's silver lute.

LONGFELLOW.

MARCH 24, 1882.

WITHIN the old historic house he lay,
 Quiet at last in restless heart and brain ;
 Without his chamber, the wan light did
 wane
And the March twilight gathered, chill and gray.
But all unheedful of the wasting day,
 He lay and slept ; and still he sleeps ; in
 vain
 The morning sun shall gild his window-
 pane —
His soul hath fared forth on an unknown way.
O sweetest psalmist of our Israel,
 What new glad words now thrill upon thy
 tongue !

In what far country hast thou gone to dwell?
Through what fresh changes are thy numbers rung?
Lo ! thou didst leave us, taking no farewell,
And now we weep that thy last song is sung.

WHEN I HAVE LIVED MY LIFE.

WHEN I have lived my life, and death at last
 Sucks the sweet breath from out my white
 cold lips ;
 When o'er my fixed, faint eyes the swift
 eclipse
 Of dissolution draws, and thick and fast
 The shadows no man knows crowd up the vast
 Dim vista of eternity ; when dips
 My final sun from sight, and darkness slips
 Upon me, quenching utterly the past ;
 Then while fond friends around me weep and
 pray,
 And come to kiss their last kiss, one by
 one,—

Ere yet hath faded quite the light of day,
And ere my mortal sands are fully run,—
God, grant that I may hear one dear Voice say,
With love and tenderness, “Well done!
well done!”

PATIENCE.

O GOD, I pray thee give me quietude,
 Though it be 'mid the wrecks of broken
 years ;
 Scatter thou from mine eyes the blinding
 tears,
 And cool the burning fever in my blood.
 Lo ! I am swept away as with a flood ;
 My soul is beaten on by stormy fears ;
 I cannot see, and ever through mine ears
 Surge empty echoes of the solitude.
 O, teach me to be patient and to wait ;
 Teach me to quell that spirit in my breast
 Which irks the slow-paced hours, and cries "too
 late !"

Urge on my heart this lesson — that 'twere
 best
 To suffer even to death "without the gate,"
 If so my soul might enter into rest.

HOMESICK.

YEA, Lord, if it could be, if it could be,
That I might leave the weariness and pain
Of this sad exile o'er the soundless main,
Whose restless waters roll 'twixt me and thee;
If—while the day grows wan and shadowy,
And, like a conqueror amid the slain,
Night moves with swift proud footsteps
o'er the plain —
Death's sudden messenger should come to me
With summons to depart, I should not go
As one to whom the journey were a fear,
But I should gladly leave earth's mimic show,
And these dim ways which are so chill and
drear,
And 'mid green fields, where living waters flow,
Fare homeward after many a weary year.

THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I
TRUST IN HIM.

WHEN these hot pulses cease, O Lord, and
all

The fever and the strife at last are done ;
When, for my feet, the race is well out-run,
And, spent and weary, from the lists I fall ;
When, deaf to passion's cry and duty's call,
And reckless of the honors lost or won,
I turn my forehead toward the setting sun,
Calm and content to leave the world's rude
brawl —

Then, Lord, for the sweet pity which thou hast
Of those who, heavy-laden, worn with pain,
From out the conflict desolate and vast,
Cry unto thee for help, nor cry in vain,
Grant to forget my weak and wandering past,
And help me trust thee while my life is
slain.

BLIND.

WHEN first my soul into the shadows sank,
And darkness surged upon me like a
wave,

I fought the blackness, as a swimmer brave
Who, losing from his grasp the friendly plank,
Goes struggling down through ocean's great
gray blank.

Then, as one buried trance-bound in a grave
Wakes to the horror of his narrow cave,
And shuddering in his cere-cloths, cold and
dank,
Strives to pierce through the void and noisome
gloom,

I strove to cleave the night that wrapped
me round,

And cried aloud from out my living tomb.

But now, always in solitude profound,
I sit and wait beneath my awful doom,

Till God's light shall break on me like a
sound.

A POET'S GRAVE.

I.

AY, grant it, friend, it is a lowly bed,
 Pranked with the daisies that he held so
 dear,

And with the pale, pure violets nodding near,
 Like those he clasped when first they found him
 dead.

To curious questioners let it be said :

“He sang his songs the world paused not to
 hear,

And now he lieth where no late, slow tear
 Can answer for the love he sought instead.”

Young? Yes, ah, very young he was to die ;

He had so much to live for ! His was joy
 Unspeakable to see the morning lie

Upon the hills, and bliss without alloy

To see the sunset flush along the sky ;
But dawn nor dusk shall wake him now —
poor boy !

II.

He loved the sunlight and he loved the rain ;
He loved the darkness and he loved the light ;
He loved the morning and he loved the night ;
He loved the meadows and he loved the main.
To see the springtime blossom he was fain,
And winter's snows were goodly in his sight ;
Yea, all the seasons in their rapid flight
Brought joy to him, though not unmixed with
pain.

But now he lieth where the fallen leaf
Begets no vague regret within his breast,
And never summer-tide, however brief,
Can mar the sweetness of his hallowed rest.
He sleeps secure from dreams of joy or grief,
And in his dreamless slumber he is blest.

HAGAR.

WIDE wastes of sand beneath a burning
sky ;
Far hills that shimmer in the breathless air ;
And clumps of stunted shrubs that, here and
there,
With pale and parchèd leafage, vex the eye.
Her bread is spent, her water-skin is dry ;
The child's faint sobbings pierce her with
despair ;
Her face is hid, her fallen head is bare ;
"Now, O my God," she crieth, "let me die."
Hark! from the midmost heavens a deep sound :
"What aileth thee? Rise, Hagar, fear thee
not,
For God hath heard the child's voice from the
ground,
And he will succor thee in thy sore lot."
Then she arose, and took the lad, and found
A crystal fountain in that desert spot.

GRAPES OF ESHCOL.

WONDERING they came ; they had strange
 tales to tell
 Of purple hills and valleys half divine,
 Of amber plains which did like morning
 shine,
 And cool, clear springs which ever did upwell.
 Wistful they came ; and 'twixt them, like a bell,
 Swung downward the dark grapes, the
 goodly sign
 Of plenty in a land of oil and wine —
 The goal of rest to way-worn Israel :
 So I, a spy from realms where summer sings
 'Mid billowy fields with radiant blossoms
 starred,

Bring these the promisers of rarer things
That wait the coming of the chosen bard —
The shining soul who seeks life's mystic springs,
And counts no knowledge vain, no journey
hard.

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